

59. *L. H. Butler (M.) D. of Ormonde*

A SHORT
MEMORIAL,
AND
CHARACTER,
OF THAT



Most Noble and Illustrious Princess

MARY

Dutcheſs of ORMONDE.

W. Musgrave.



MARY

Duchess of ORMONDE.



T H E
I N T R O D U C T I O N .

ONE must have but little Knowledge of human Nature, not to be sensible of that Curiosity which prompts Mankind to be acquainted with the History of Persons distinguished by their extraordinary Virtues and Qualifications, and who have experienced many uncommon Varieties of Life. In reading their Transactions, we become agreeably intimate with the Characters which have raised our Admiration; we attend them in the different Scenes thro' which they pass, and are sensible of a secret Longing to imitate the shining Parts of their Conduct: They frequently teach us an easy Moderation in Prosperity, and are no less successful in reconciling us to the severe Dispensation of Providence.

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T H E Impressions we receive from personal Characters, are more lively and affecting than such as are imparted to us by moral Precepts; and those Virtues, which Institutions of Philosophy might give us but a languid Invitation to imitate, are altogether irresistible, when they are set off by the Conduct of Persons of Elevation; and they must be thrown into Action, in order to give them their last Polish and Refinement.

T H I S may be one Reason why Biography has generally met with such a favourable Reception, and we may venture to affirm, that if the Authors who engage in this Kind of Writing, would select such Characters as are entertaining, and instructive at the same Time, they would have no Cause to complain of any Disregard from the Public.

T H E noble Lady, who is the Subject of the following Memoirs, has made so conspicuous and engaging a Figure, thro' the series and Vicissitudes of a long Life, that she may be justly reputed an Honour to her own Sex, as
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she has always been the Admiration of ours.

IF a Descent from an illustrious Race of *British* Nobility, a polite and generous Education, an early Familiarity with the most amiable Accomplishments, an enchanting Harmony of Person and Mind, a Virgin Purity of Youth, and a taintless Fidelity of conjugal Life, have any Charms in the softer Sex, they have all lent their full Lustre to the late Dutches of *ORMONDE*.

IT should seem as if Providence intended to guard this Lady from every Imputation that could be formed against her by envious and detracting Minds, and therefore would not confine her Virtues to Scenes of Satisfaction and Prosperity; she had long convinced the World of her Ability to act an unexceptionable Part in such a Situation, but something still remained to give her Conduct its full Perfection. The appointed Period arrived; this incomparable Person was deprived of the dearest of all her Enjoyments: She saw herself for ever separated from her darling Consort, and her former Affluence contracted into a very moderate

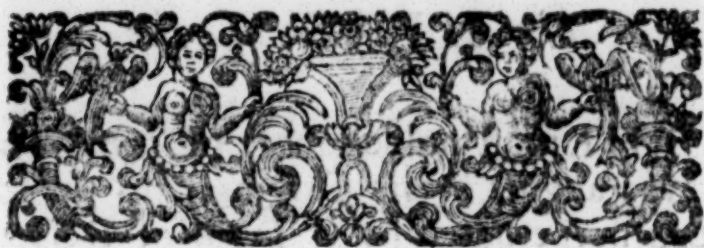
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moderate Limitation: Her Sunshine of Happiness darkened with Adversity; but that Adversity only gave her an Opportunity of charming all who knew her, by her inimitable Resignation to the Decrees of Heaven.

AS there was Reason to believe the Public would be curious to know the Particulars of a Life so diversified by such unusual Events, all possible Care has been taken to collect every authentic Circumstance that could make such a Relation useful and entertaining; and, we presume, that the Impartiality with which we have proceeded, on this Occasion, will intitle this Performance to a candid Reception from those who are pleased to favour it with their Perusal.



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THE
L I F E
Of Her G R A C E
M A R Y
Dutchess of ORMONDE.

THE Dutchess of ORMONDE, whose Life we propose to write, was the Elder surviving Daughter of *Henry* Duke of *Beaufort*, by his Dutchess *Mary*, Daughter of that unfortunate Patriot, the Lord *Capel*, whose steady Attachment to his distressed Sovereign, King *CHARLES*, I. deprived him, in 1648, of a Life which deserved a much happier Period.

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THE most noble House of *Beaufort*, as it was august in its Original, so it has been perpetuated by a Train of Descendants, who have been justly esteemed the Ornaments of their Country. And the great *Plantagenets*, who founded this illustrious Family, have transmitted their Virtues thro' a long Series of their Posterity, and adorned the Kingdom with a Progeny, of both Sexes, which will be ever remembered with Honour.

THE Dutcheſs of *ORMONDE* was born at *Beaufort*-House, near *Chelſea*, *Anno* 1665; and, in her early Years, preſented ſuch a Dawn of amiable Qualities to her noble Parents, as convinced them that the Luſtre of their Family would receive no Diminution from their lovely Daughter. Animated by this Perſuaſion, they were particularly careful to cultivate, by a ſuitable Education, the Virtues which had already ſprung up in her Mind with ſuch a luxuriant Bloom. Their Cares ſucceeded to their Wiſh, and there was no Accompliſhment neceſſary to give Perfection to her Sex, but what appeared with all its Charms in the Conduct of this young Lady.

NATURE

NATURE sometimes presents us with a great deal of Inequality in her Productions; and it is no uncommon Thing to see a very disagreeable Exterior allotted to a finished Mind; but she now determined to be uniform in her Operations, and prepared, for the Duke of *Beaufort's* Daughter, a Form as amiable, as the Soul which was to claim it, for her Habitation.

IT would require a Pen, much more masterly in Description than mine, to give the Reader a competent Idea of this engaging Lady; the enchanting Harmony of her Shape, the Lustre and Vivacity of her Eyes, which inspired all who beheld them with unutterable Impressions; the glowing Blush of the Rose, which was blended in her Cheeks with the Virgin Purity of the Lilly, the flowing Shade of Hair which wantoned in a Profusion of Ringlets, that no Pencil could imitate; the delicate Turn of her Face, and the bewitching Softness which diffused itself thro' every Feature; the panting Snow of her Bosom, and the taper Whiteness of her Arms; with a thousand other Beauties which perpetually played around her, formed such an Assemblage of Perfection, that

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that was to be resisted by nothing but Insensibility itself.

WE believe we shall not be taxed with Falshood, when we affirm, that such a Prodigality of Charms were capable, without any other Assistance, of captivating a thousand Hearts; but we have already intimated that Nature discarded all Partiality in her Plan, and made this irresistible Form the Residence of a Soul which was altogether as attractive as its lovely Mansion: The most refined Poignancy of her Wit was contrasted by the sedatest Judgment; and each of these fine Qualifications were so beautifully softened by her native Sweetness of Temper, that her Pleasantry never gave Pain, and none ever thought themselves insulted by her superior Penetration.

THE Happiness of her Memory facilitated her Improvement, by those Books and Industry, with which she was daily conversant; and, in a few Years, it proved such a Treasury of Knowledge and Politeness, as few Ladies of her Age were ever enriched with: The little Levities of the Sex, and those refined Deviations from Sincerity and Sanctity of Manners, which are become so fashionable a Part
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of modern Education were altogether unknown to her. True Virtue is certainly amiable in herself, but she puts on redoubled Charms when she shines in the Conduct of a blooming Virgin.

SUCH was the Lady we are describing ; her Mind was as immaculate as her Face, and every Year that added to her Youth, presented her with new Perfections, and awaken'd a general Curiosity to know what happy Man was to be bless'd with the Endearments of her nuptial Love.

IT is not to be imagined in what Manner that pleasing Expectation influenced some of the noblest of the *British* Youth. A virtuous young Lady of Rank and Beauty is a publick Blessing, she civilizes the Souls of her Admirers more than all their Academical Institutions, and fires them to aim at a proper Similitude of Accomplishments. Innocence, Purity and Honour appear so persuasive in the Fair-One, that it is no Wonder if she daily increases the Number of their Votaries, and brings them fresh Accessions of Homage.

AMONGST the shining Crouds of Adorers who wished to inspire her with the soft Sensibility of Love, none made so conspicuous a Figure as the Duke of *Ormonde*; he was descended from a very antient and illustrious Family that had given many Heroes to their Country, and, in the Person of the Duke, had presented it with an Ornament that did not a little contribute to its Lustre. Death had for some Time deprived him of his first Lady (who was the eldest Daughter of the Earl of *Rochester*) and left him a Widower in the full Bloom of his Youth. His endearing Behaviour to his deceased Dutches, warmed many of the fairest with secret Wishes to succeed her in his Embraces. His Person was such as might impart the softest Impressions to the chastest Heart, and was set off by such a winning Singularity of Sweetness, Generosity, and every other Quality which constitutes the fine Gentleman, that it was almost impossible for him to be long considered with Indifference by any Lady to whom he breathed his Passion. We may add to this, that he possessed such a Princely Estate, that Fortune seemed to contend with Nature which of them should be his greatest Benefactor. It is true, the Duke
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only valued the Favours of the former, as they enabled him to distinguish himself by numberless Acts of Humanity, and indulged him in his natural Propensity to Benevolence. And if the Goddess has not of late been so liberal to many others, it may have proceeded from their being destitute of his Inclinations to communicate her Bounties to their Fellow Creatures.

AFTER the Account I have attempted to give of these two illustrious Persons, it will be natural to conclude, that they were formed for each other; and therefore, without entering into the Particulars of that tender Intercourse which Love, and a Similitude of Dispositions, established between them, it will be sufficient if we acquaint the Reader, that his Grace was so fortunate in his Addressee, as to prevail on the Duke of *Beaufort's* charming Daughter to consent to be the loveliest Bride in *England*.

THE Number of the young Dutchess's Admirers was not diminished by her Marriage, and tho' they found themselves restrained from disclosing to her the Sentiments with which her Charms had inspired them, yet there were several who

were pleased to flatter themselves, that Length of Time might render such a Declaration not so unpardonable as it would have been at that Season. Amongst this Class of Lovers, who were so extremely complaisant to themselves, there happened to be a noble Earl *, who, it must be confessed, was a Gentleman of extraordinary Merit; besides the Advantage of a very engaging Person, he was Master of a Genius which made him very conspicuous in the polite World; he had devoted some of his Time to the Muses with so much Success, that his poetical Compositions had the general Approbation of the best Judges; he had a great deal of Wit, and knew how to temper it so agreeably, by an obliging Behaviour, that his Conversation never failed to be as entertaining as he could wish; and tho' Ambition was a very prevailing Passion in his Breast, it still permitted Beauty to maintain a considerable Empire there. The Qualifications he possessed, generally make their Owner fortunate with the Fair, and therefore it was not to be wondered at, if his Lordship had no great Reason to tax them with Insensibility.

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* *The Earl of Mulgrave, late Duke of Buckinghamshire.*

THE Dutcheſs of *Ormonde* found herſelf obliged, after her Marriage, to appear more frequently in publick than before, and by that means was daily making an undeſigned Addition to her former Conqueſts. The young Nobleman we have been deſcribing, having ſeveral Opportunities of ſeeing her at Court, became ſo paſſionately enamoured of her Charms, that all the Reaſon he was Maſter of, was too weak to extinguish the firſt Kindling of his Flame, and indeed there was ſomething ſo irrefiſtable in the lovely Dutcheſs, that beholding and adoring her, were the uſual Events of one and the ſame Moment.

THE high Quality of this Lord, and his perſonal Acquaintance with the Duke, gave him free Access to the Dutcheſs at all Times when ſhe ſaw Company, and, as her Grace had the moſt refined Taſte for what was elegant and polite, it was natural for her to conſider the Earl as a very accompliſhed Gentleman, and to pay him all the Deference that was due to ſuch a Character. She conſidered him as a Perſon who had a conſiderable Share in the Friendſhip and Eſteem of her illuſtrious Lord, and regarded him as one who
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merited that Friendship by a Number of amiable Qualities.

IT often happens, that Men of Wit, thro' too much Partiality to themselves, are apt to fancy that a Lady's Satisfaction in their Conversation, must create a Fondness for their Persons, and the Earl did not fail to impute to the Dutchess, Impressions in his Favour, which she herself was never sensible of; and consequently he was always ready to improve every Instance of her Complacency too much to his own Advantage. The Opinion he entertained of his being more agreeable to her than he really was, made him look on the dishonourable Conduct he was meditating against the Duke, as a Crime that was capable of a very easy Vindication, he thought it more honourable to succeed with the Dutchess, than to preserve Fidelity in his Friendship to her Lord; and to such an Infatuation was he hurried by his guilty Love, that he imagined it to be the most criminal Action in the World to neglect the Happiness which his Vanity represented the Dutchess inclinable to afford him.

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IN Consequence of this Persuasion, as he had the Honour one Evening to lead her Grace from the Drawing-Room, he slipt a Letter into her Hand, as she was stepping into her Coach, and then retired with a profound Reverence. The Lady believed the Paper contained some agreeable Piece of Poetry, in which the Earl, as we intimated before, was very happy, and was impatient to read this new Product of his Capacity : But who can describe her Confusion and Resentment, when she found it to be a Declaration of Love, and her Displeasure was the greater, as she was conscious that no Part of her Conduct could possibly give that Nobleman any Pretensions to the indecent Presumption with which he treated her ; and tho' it was late at Night, she resolved to acquaint the Dutchess her Mother with the Affront that had been offered to her Virtue.

SHE accordingly ordered her Coachman to drive to the Dutchess of *Beaufort's* House, and, at her Arrival there, went into her Grace's Bed-Chamber, and intreated her, with a Flood of Tears, to read the Letter she put into her Hands. The Dutchess was not a little surprized
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to see her Daughter in a Disorder of Mind intirely new to her, and immediately read over the Letter, with an Astonishment natural to such an Event. *Is it possible, Madam, said the Dutchess of Ormonde, that any Man can dare to think he has a Privilege to treat me in this dishonourable Manner! I can appeal to Heaven and Earth, that my Conduct has hitherto been without Reproach, which makes this Violation of the Respect due to me, so insupportable.*

THE Dutchess of Beaufort was as much dissatisfied with this Adventure, as her Daughter, and was justly apprehensive that it might be attended with very fatal Consequences; to prevent which, all imaginable Discretion was necessary.

WHILST they were deliberating what Steps were most proper to be taken in so delicate an Affair, a Lady of great Quality, and a near Relation to them both, came in very seasonably to assist at the Consultation; and after she had heard a particular Account of the whole Affair, she gave it as her Opinion, that *it would be most proper for the Dutchess of Ormonde to dissemble her Resentment, and treat the amorous Peer with such an*
Air

Air of Indifference, as would effectually mortify his Vanity, and discourage him from persisting in his criminal Desires : The Lady added, that if such a Course of Behaviour should not have the Effect that might be reasonably expected, she would undertake to disclose the Affair to the Duke of Ormonde, in such a Light as should engage him to come into a Scheme she had formed for making this new Lover the Diversion of the whole Town.

THIS Advice was allowed to be just, and, after some farther Consideration, the Dutchess of Ormonde took her Leave, with a Determination to conduct herself according to her Relations Sentiments. It was not long before the young Earl saw her, and, as he was pleased to flatter himself, that the Graces of his Wit and Person were irresistible, he was not a little surpris'd at the negligent Manner in which the Dutchess heard all the fine Things he said to her ; and as he found that he had not made the least Impression on her Heart, he began to imagine she might possibly not have read his Letter, for he could not believe that so much premeditated Wit and Tenderness as it contained, could prove ineffectual ; and therefore resolv'd to be certain that

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his next Letter should be read by the Dutchess; for which Purpose, he found Means to gain, as he imagined, one of her Women to his Interest; he made her a Present of a large Purse of Gold, accompanying it with a second Billet, which he intreated her to deliver into her Lady's Hands, and, at the same Time, gave her to understand, that if she acquitted herself of the Confidence he reposed in her, to his Satisfaction, there was nothing she might not promise herself from his future Bounty.

THE Dutchess's Woman performed her Commission, and gave the Letter to her Lady, with a particular Account of the Earl's Liberality, and all the large Promises he had made her. The Dutchess, after she had read the Letter, made her Mother, and the other Lady, who had instructed her how to behave, acquainted with the Contents; upon which they thought it now a proper Time to make the Duke of *Ormonde* privy to the Secret. This they did, in such a Manner as easily disposed his Grace to come into their Measures, to make his Rival as ridiculous as his Vanity ought to render him. To accomplish which, it was agreed among them, that the Dutchess should answer

swer her Lover's Letter, and it is easy to imagine, that an Epistle dictated by such Persons, and on such an Occasion, was artful enough to deceive, even a Gentleman of the Earl's Penetration. It would be no disagreeable Entertainment to the Reader, could I repeat all the pleasant Things, and the diverting Contrivances that were invented by this illustrious Company, to expose the presuming Lover. The Dutchess of Ormonde was for having him *privately admitted into the House, and shut up in some Place where he might be half frozen, before he should be set at Liberty*: But the Duke replied, *That would be a Management of too low a Turn for the Earl's nice and delicate Taste*, and then recollecting, that his Garden Wall was of a very convenient Heighth, he thought it would be best for the Lover to climb over it, in order to come to his Lady, the Danger and Difficulty only tending to compleat the Glory of such a gallant Adventure; besides, added he, we shall by this Means see whether his Lordship is in earnest, and dare hazard his fine Person in the Prosecution of his Amour.

THIS Proposal meeting with the Approbation of all the Ladies, they went

into the Garden to examine the Wall, and, observing a Place that had Hooks, which a Ladder might be commodiously fastened to, the Dutchess's Woman had Directions to describe this convenient Situation to the Earl; but it was not done till several Letters had passed between him and the Dutchess, and he became persuaded, that his Addresses were as successful as he could wish. And now the Dutchess's Woman acquainted him, *he had made all imaginable Impressions on her Lady, and that she expected the Pleasure of his Company with the greatest Impatience, but then, continued she, it will be impossible for your Lordship to pass by the Porter in any Disguise; and you are not insensible what Regard is due to a Lady's Reputation, in an Affair of this Nature, and therefore some Expedient must be thought of, to prevent any Discovery of your being admitted into my Lady's Apartment.*

THE Earl, upon this, gave her the strongest Assurances of his strict Regard for the Dutchess's Honour; and therefore, said he, *I am desirous of being introduced in any Manner you can contrive, to prevent my being discovered by any of the Servants, and there is no Danger, that I*
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will ever decline to accomplish my Happiness, with all the Privacy my lovely Dutchess can possibly desire.

THE Gentlewoman finding him in such a Resolution, thought it then proper to acquaint him, *That no Way would be more effectual, to prevent the Affair from being detected, than for his Lordship to climb over the Garden-Wall, and then she described that particular Part of it, where the Hooks were fastened; your Lordship, added she, is too gallant, to hesitate at any little Danger that you may be exposed to, on such an Occasion, and you are likewise to consider, that you could not have a more favourable Opportunity of convincing my Lady, that your Passion for her, can make you despise every Hazard and Difficulty that may lie between you and the Happiness you are in Pursuit of, and therefore, if your Lordship has no Objection to what I have been proposing, I will be, at Eleven this Night, in the Garden to receive you.*

HIS Lordship was so animated, with the Hopes of his imagined Joys, that he told the Gentlewoman, in a Kind of Transport, *That he thought Fortune was very propitious to him, in giving him such*
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an Opportunity of convincing her Lady how much his Passion could surmount every Danger and Impediment ; upon which he took his Leave, with a solemn Promise to be punctual to the appointed Time ; and then went to pay a Visit to the Duke of Ormonde, by whom, as was before observed, he was treated with the greatest Friendship and Intimacy.

THE Duke received him with his usual Affability, and after some Conversation, walked with him in his Garden, where he could not forbear smiling to himself, to observe, with what a curious Eye his Visitor examined the Wall he was to scale that Evening. After they had taken a few Turns, the Earl took his Leave, and went to his own House, where he passed the Remainder of the Day with all the impatient Desires, natural to a Lover, who expects the happy Period of all his Wishes. The appointed Hour was, at last, come, and his Lordship did not fail to be exactly punctual at the Place agreed on, where he found the Ladder of Ropes thrown over the Wall, by the Means of which he mounted to the Top, with wonderful Activity, and from thence, as nimbly descended into the Garden : But, alas ! how frequently
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do Disappointments and Disgrace attend the finest Schemes of poor Mortals; and how common is it for Men to meet with the most disagreeable Accidents, in the very Instant that he promised himself nothing but Rapture, and the most perfect Felicity! The adventurous Peer had no sooner set Foot on the fatal Ground, than the Gardener, who happened to be a very sturdy Fellow, pretending to mistake him for a Person who intended to rob the House, fell upon him with Herculean Force, and gave him such a vigorous Drubbing, that he was obliged to cry out for Assistance. The Noise alarmed the House, and the Duke, with all the Company, who were then at Supper with him, came out in a seeming Surprise to know the Occasion of the Clamours they heard. Any one will imagine, that the unfortunate Lover made no very graceful Figure in such a Conjunction; and, as it was impossible for the Spectators of his Disgrace, to keep their Countenances, he grew sensible, that this had been a premeditated Scheme to expose him. But, as he had a peculiar Presence of Mind, and was, likewise, one of those Philosophic Lovers, who never run distracted at the Disappointment of their Passion, he asked the Duke's Pardon

Pardon for the Folly he had committed, desiring his Grace to impute it to a youthful Inconsideration he would no longer indulge ; after which, he joined with the Company in their Mirth, and rallied himself very pleasantly for the Discipline he had received from the honest Gardiner.

THE Earl's ill Success in his Amour, soon became public, and was, for a considerable Time, the Entertainment of all the gay Company about the Court ; and besides this, it entirely extinguished the Hopes of all who sighed for the amiable Dutchess in Secret. They were convinced, that her Vertue was impregnable, and that it was possible for a Lady to be the fairest of her Sex, and, at the same Time, capable of preserving an untainted Fidelity to her Nuptial Vow.*

ANY one will easily believe, that the Duke, after this amiable Proof of his Lady's Virtue, could not but cherish such a Treasure with the utmost Fondness, and, indeed, our noble Pair lived in so mutual an Intercourse of Endearments, as rendered them the Envy and Admira-

* The foregoing was an Adventure of the late Duke of *Buckinghamshire* when he was Earl of *Mulgrave*.

Admiration of the Age. I say, the Envy, because there have been People malicious enough to declare, that the Dutchess, some time after her Marriage, entertained such a Fondness for Cards, as in a great Measure alienated the Duke's Affection from her for a considerable Time. But whilst some have been so ungenerous as to propagate such a Report, and others so weak as to believe it, all must acknowledge this to be the only Frailty that was ever imputed to that Lady, and even this has been aggravated much beyond the Reality of the Fact. The Truth is, Cards being at that Time, as well as now, the fashionable Amusement of the Fair, it was impossible for the Dutchess, whose House was continually filled with the best Company in the Kingdom, to do otherwise than comply with the Inclinations of her Visitors in that Diversion; and it may be true, that she might sometimes sit up late at Play to oblige her Company, and we will not deny, that the Duke might be sensible of some Uneasiness to find his Lady compelled by the reigning Decorum among the Great, to be absent more Hours from him, than were agreeable to her Inclinations. But, at the same Time, in Justice to the Memory of that incom-

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parable Lady, we must affirm, That the Moment she was sensible of the least Uneasiness in her Lord on that Account, she never after would suffer Play to detain her from him, to any late or unreasonable Hour. A singular Instance this, of a Lady, who could resolve to sacrifice what was then thought an innocent Amusement, to the Repose of her Comfort ; whereas the same Motive now, is frequently insufficient to make Numbers of the Sex resign Pleasures that are really criminal and injurious to their own and their Husband's Reputation. But to return to this noble Pair.

WHEN the Duke was constituted Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*, the Dutchesse undertook that Voyage ; and her Reception and Return is so truly, and so elegantly described by Mr. *Dryden*, in his Address to her Grace*, that it would be Injustice to his Memory to omit it, on this Occasion, *viz.*

Already have the Fates your Path prepar'd,
And sure Prefage your future Sway declar'd :
When Westward, like the Sun, you took your
Way,
And from benighted *Britain* bore the Day,

* See the *Dedication* of his *Fables*.

Blue *Tritons* gave the Signal from the Shore,
 The ready *Nereids* heard, and swam before
 To smoothe the Seas ; a soft *Etesian* Gale,
 But just inspired, and gently swell'd the Sail ;
Portunus took his Turn, whose ample Hand
 Heav'd up the lighten'd Keel, and sunk the
 Sand,
 And steer'd the sacred Vessel safe to Land.
 The Land, if not restrain'd, had met your Way,
 Projected out a Neck, and jutt'd to the Sea.
Hibernia, prostrate at your Feet, ador'd,
 In you, the Pledge of her expected Lord ;
 Due to her Isles, a venerable Name,
 His Father and his Grandfire known to Fame ;
 Aw'd by that House, accustom'd to com-
 mand,
 The sturdy Kerns in due Subjection stand,
 Nor bear the Reins in any other Hand.

At your Approach, they crouded to the Port ;
 And scarcely Landed, you create a Court :
 As *Ormonde's* Harbinger, to you they run ;
 For *Venus* is the Promise of the Sun.

For Waste of Civil Wars, their Towns de-
 stroy'd,
Pales un-honour'd, *Ceres* un-employ'd,
 Were all forgot, and one Triumphant Day,
 Wip'd all the Tears of three Campaigns away.

Blood, Rapines, Massacres, were cheaply
bought,
So mighty Recompence your Beauty brought.

As when the *Dove* returning, bore the Mark
Of Earth restor'd to the long-lab'ring Ark,
The Relicks of Mankind, secure of Rest,
Op'd ev'ry Window to receive the Guest,
And the Fair Bearer of the Message blest. }

So when you came, with loud repeated
Cries, }
The Nation took an Omen from your Eyes,
And God advanc'd his Rainbow in the Skies. }
To sign inviolable Peace restor'd,
The Saints with solemn Shouts proclaim'd the
new Accord.

When at your *second Coming*, you appear,
(For I foretel that Millenary-Year)
The sharpen'd Share shall vex the Soil no more,
But Earth unbidden shall produce her Store :
The Land shall laugh, the circ'ling Ocean smile,
And Heaven's Indulgence bless the holy Isle.

Heav'n from all Ages has reserv'd for you,
That happy Clime, which Venom never knew ;
Or if it had been there, your Eyes alone
Have Pow'r to chace all Poison, but their own.

Now

Now in this Interval, which Fate has cast,
Betwixt your future Glories, and your past.
This Pause of Pow'r, 'tis *Ireland's* Hour to
mourn,

While *England* celebrates your safe Return ;
By which you seem the Seasons to command,
And bring our Summers back to their forsaken
Land.

The vanquish'd Isle our Leisure must attend,
'Till the fair Blessing we vouchsafe to send ;
Nor can we spare you long, tho' often we
may lend. }

The *Dove* was twice employ'd abroad, before
The World was dry'd ; and she return'd no
more.

O Daughter of the Rose, whose Cheeks unite
The differing Titles of the Red and White ;
Who Heav'n's alternate Beauty well display,
The Blush of Morning, and the Milky Way ;
Whose Face is Paradise, but fenc'd from Sin,
For God in either Eye has plac'd a Cherubin.

All is your Lord's alone ; ev'n absent, He
Employs the Care of Chaste *Penelope*.
For him you waste in Tears your Widow'd
Hours,
For him your curious Needle paints the Flow'rs ;
Such

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Such Works of Old Imperial Dames were
taught,
Such for *Ascanius* fair *Elisa* wrought.

The soft Recesses of your Hours improve,
The Three fair Pledges of your happy Love :
All other Parts of pious Duty done,
You owe your *Ormonde* nothing but a Son ;
To fill in future Times *his Father's Place*,
And wear the Garter of *his Mother's Race*.

The World was deprived of this most
incomparable PRINCESS, of whom it was
no longer worthy, *Anno 1733*.



F I N I S.



